DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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MR. ROBERT AND THE ROBERT COLLEGE.

It was my privilege nearly twenty years ago, says a writer in the *Illustrated Missionary News*, to attend the Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church, New York City. A very familiar sight in that sanctuary was the even then venerable-looking face of Mr. Christopher R. Robert.

Mr. Robert was a successful business man. He thus amassed the fortune which enabled him to do so much in his Master's service. If I am not mistaken, he carried his business principles into his religion and into his beneficence. He gave largely, but he gave systematically and wisely. He knew what results he meant to reach by his benefactions, and worked towards definite ends.

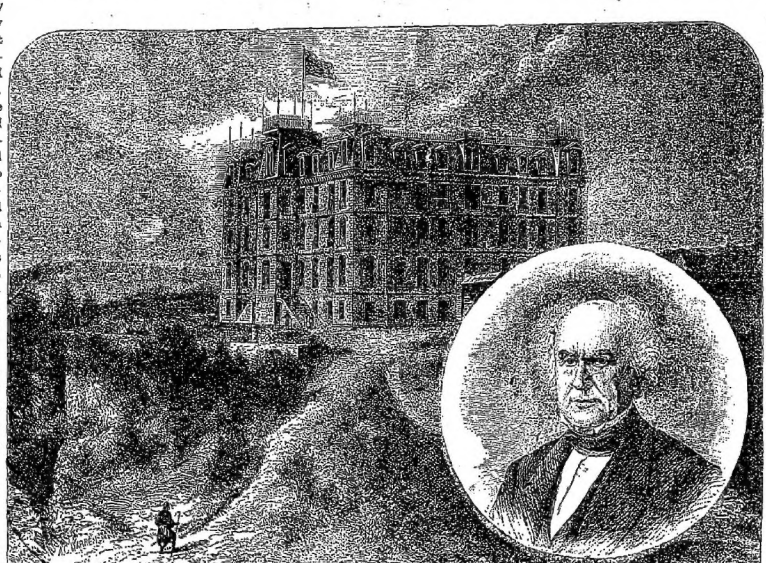
One of his favorite methods of doing good in his earlier days—how long he continued it the writer has no means of knowing—was to make one and another young man studying for the ministry an inmate of his own house, giving him a home and an education at the same time. How many he thus aided probably no one now knows, but he was in himself a society for the education of students for the Gospel ministry. The good he accomplished in this way is simply inestimable.

He was not content to work, however, with his money alone. He wanted the joy of active participation in Christ's service. For many years he was the superintendent of the Sabbath-school of the Rivington street church, one of the two churches which afterwards united to form the Fourteenth Street Church. He was greatly beloved by the teachers and respected by the scholars, and the school, simple, and without any elaborate machinery, was flourishing and successful. When the Rivington Street congregation moved uptown, Mr. Robert maintained in the old church a mission-school, especially for the Germans who had filled up that region, and contributed largely to sustain a German church worshipping in the building. Morning and afternoon, in all weathers, year in and year out, he was at his post, going from the school to the service at the Fourteenth Street Church, and not infrequently walking the whole distance—about a mile and a half. He accomplished here a very useful work.

The church prayer-meetings had his constant attendance, and his remarks were pertinent and practical, while his prayers were fervent; and one always felt that his character bore out what his lips uttered.

While he did good in multitudinous ways, his most lasting memorial, from the human point of view, will be the college he endowed, and which bears his name, at Bebek, a suburb of Constantinople. This college was organized in 1863. The building (a view of which is herewith given) was begun in 1868, after many vexatious delays on the part of the Turkish Government to grant the necessary and promised permits. It was occupied in 1871. The building, designed by Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, the first president of the college, and erected under his supervision, is of stone, with iron beams, filled in with brick, supporting the floors. In the centre there is a large court, underneath which is a huge cistern. Galleries encircle the court, the rooms are airy, and the dormitories neat. A gymnasium and workshop add to the completeness of the building.

Mr. Robert was a type of Christian men of whom we cannot have too many—a man of sturdy common-sense, business ability and integrity, laying himself and all his possessions on the Lord's altar, and while diligent in business, still fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. How much might be done for God and man were there more such Christian laymen as he of whom these few recollections are here presented!



MR. ROBERT AND THE ROBERT COLLEGE.

Mr. Robert, died in Paris, France, October 27th, 1878, in his seventy-seventh year. His works follow him. The influence for good of the "Robert College" has already been great, and we hope that, by God's blessing, it may be the means of carrying the Gospel to all parts of Turkey.

GIVE THE CHILDREN something to give to missions. And teach them the blessedness of the thing.—*Ex.*

CLEARING THE AIR.

"I was a guest last August," said a lady, "at a small summer boarding-house on the Maine coast. When I took my place at the table for the first time, I soon discovered that my fellow-boarders belonged to a class richer in money than in mind or manners.

"They were gay, well-meaning people, who had flitted from one hotel to another, from mountain to springs, and from springs to beach, in search of amusement, and were now tired and *blase*. They chattered gossip for a while; then discussed the fashions until one of the young men, from sheer vacuity of ideas, apparently, told a story with a covert, immodest meaning. The men smiled significantly; the women tried to look unconscious; the young girls blushed painfully.

"An old man continued the same line of thought in a still broader anecdote.

"There was a significant silence. I dared not look up lest I should meet the eyes of my neighbors. All that was indelicate in thought had been stirred up from the depths. What could I do? I longed for the decision and firmness to protest, to utter a sharp rebuke; but I was a woman, poor, and of no social position.

"At that moment a little, plain, simply dressed woman entered the room, took her seat at the table, and glanced quickly around at the circle of embarrassed faces. I saw that she understood the situation, and that it was not a new one. She was greeted warmly by the whole party, and began to talk with a certain gay cordiality of manner which had in it a rare charm.

"She had discovered some old coins in the village store, and had heard of others farther up the country. Who would go coin-hunting? Then followed an eager discussion of rare dollars, or pennies, or shillings, until the talk of even the old joker became not only decent, but inter-

esting. At every meal this little woman, with her low vivacious voice and ready wit, shunted the conversation on to new tracks of thought. One day it was a rare plant that she brought in; the next, some legend told her by the fishermen; sometimes it was a stirring incident of local history; again a question of politics or of religion.

"'These people,' she said to me, when I came to know her, 'mean well. They have no wish to be wicked, but their minds are like stagnant pools. They grow impure and foul simply from inaction. All they need is some wholesome subject of thought to keep them clean.'

"I have always remembered the lesson she taught me."

There is scarcely a day, even in the life of a school-boy or girl, when this lesson is not useful. Conversation is always too ready to become malicious or vulgar, especially among idle people. It is rarely expedient or wise openly to rebuke our companions, even if we are free from their faults. Censure usually rouses opposition and ill-nature.

But when our own minds or those of others become turbid and foul, let us deal with them as with a chamber full of darkness and impure odors—open a window. The brain is cleansed by new and vigorous thoughts, just as the air of a closed room is cleansed by the sunlight and motion.—*Ex.*

A LITTLE CONQUEROR.

BY "MRS. TROTTER."

"It's no use talking," said Alice Peters, "you can't make them honest, and you can't make them truthful. I've seen it tried over and over again, and they are sure to disappoint you in the end. I want to be useful, and I want to do the right thing, and though I don't imagine that teaching in the 'colored school' on the hill is very enjoyable, I would do it willingly if I had ever heard of a single bit of good that had ever been accomplished there. Of course, the colored people didn't have a chance of improvement for generations, but 'what is bred in the bone, can't be got rid of in the flesh,' and how you are going to change their natures, and get the deceit out of their bones which was bred there during slavery, is more than I can see."

"Well," laughed Miss Janet Smith, "I used to think just as you do now. You know I am what people call 'dreadful set' in my way, not that I mean to be; I truly want to see things the right way, and do the right thing as you do, but when I have thought a thing over and made up my mind, it is very hard for me to convince myself that after all I may have made a mistake. I always insisted that the colored people were the most unreliable creatures on the face of the earth; that there wasn't an honest or a truthful one to be found, and that time and money spent in trying to educate or improve them was that much thrown away. We've had some experiences with them which were not exactly calculated to increase my confidence in them. A man that helped in haying time used to come afterwards and help himself to my pet chickens; and another, with the help of his boys, made away with all the finest pears in the garden, and so on, till I made up my mind that the only good colored individual was to be found in the class with the 'only good Indian.' There was a Sunday-school for colored children on the hill behind the town, in which some of the young people were quite interested. The same one you spoke of just now. I always maintained that the hours spent there were wasted ones, and never sent them so much as a frosted cake for the Christmas celebration; for I really believed the little scamps only came for the picture cards and the occasional treats the teachers planned, and that no real good could be talked or prayed into them, when for generations past everything had been against them, but I've changed my mind and this was the way of it:

"I had been baking and stewing as usual all the morning; and when I thought I was all through, I found the red streak apples were decaying fast; so when the fire was started at tea-time I made six apple pies and set them on the table in front of the window to cool. They were for the next day's dinner and the hay-field lunch, and you don't know how relieved I felt that for once I was ahead of the work and might find a little time for a magazine article I'd been saving to read when I wasn't too tired to enjoy it. After tea I went down cellar to put away some things, and as I came up I saw in the window outlined against a streak of light still in the western sky something that looked like the head and shoulders of a little black ghost. I wasn't exactly frightened, but I stopped a minute on the stairs in the dark to see just what it was. Then I saw a thin, little black hand slowly raised and a finger was slowly drawn across one side of a pie where the juice had sizzled from under the crust and jellied on the side of the pan. The little black finger went straight into a cavernous mouth, and the amount of licking indicated that the taste was good. I saw the black eyes scan the kitchen, and then the head turned and the yard was carefully examined. Evidently no one was in sight, for two skeleton arms were raised as if to grasp a pie, and then slowly fell again, and the little figure turned away. I stepped into the kitchen where I could watch the proceedings, for I couldn't believe, though the child's good angel had triumphed for a moment, but that the inherited tendency would prove too strong to be resisted. I stood still for a time, but the head didn't appear in the window again, and I stole to the door and peeped through the screen to see what the little unfortunate was doing. She sat on the step, her head bent forward and resting on the handle of an old chip basket, her bony hands clasped in her lap. As I looked the lips parted and a beseeching little voice said: 'Lord Jesus, help me not to: I wants dat pie.' I felt like a sneak-thief myself for not coming right forward to help her out; but I hadn't much faith in the colored race, you see, and I wanted to see how much that prayer really meant.

"She got up in a minute more and came and knocked timidly at the door. I thought that instead of stealing that pie she meant to beg it, but there was a tear rolling down each cheek when the weak voice said: 'Lady, won't you buy some matches?' I looked in the basket and saw ten boxes. 'Two cents a box,' said the pathetic voice, and I took the ten boxes and gave her twenty cents, hardly saying a word. She turned away with a happy smile, probably she thought she saw her reward for her resistance of evil, already, in disposing of her entire remaining stock; but such a smile could only a conqueror wear. I let her go around the corner of the house, to be sure she did not mean to come back after going a little way, to beg for the pie, and then I called, 'Little girl!' She turned quickly, as if a little fearful of something, and my heart smote me for having so tried the child, but I wanted to be sure that the little thing was a real Christian. When she came to the door again, I took two of those pies and laid them in the basket, adding a big piece of cheese and a loaf of bread with some Jersey butter, and sent her on her way. I couldn't resist going to the corner of the house to see how she went. It was nearly dark and all I could see distinctly was the soles of an immense pair of shoes (evidently not made to order) flying for the front gate in a way which showed that the wearer was the bearer of joyful tidings. I turned away with a sigh for my own shortcomings, and a feeling that the Lord had been very near me and had answered a prayer in a way that almost seemed 'a miracle of grace.'

"I had told the child to come the next day, and bright and early she was on hand, her eyes sparkling. She almost seemed fatter already for those two miserable pies. I set her to work picking currants for jelly, and the way the little imp held the basket between her two drumstick knees and picked with both hands was marvellous to see. I had really expected to find her lazy, but she didn't seem to have a lazy bone in her body and I found her a great help, not only in picking fruit but at other light work as well. I grew really fond of the child as the days passed—for she came each day after that to help me—and when I found by quiet questioning that her love and trust in the Saviour began in the school-house on the hill, and that it had helped not only the child but the mother as well, I changed my mind a little about teaching the colored population. I also found that her father (whom I had reason to believe was none other than the despoiler of my hen roost) had died converted, and on his deathbed professed conversion.

"I am willing to confess that I'm hard to convince, but when my mind is settled as to the right thing I'm ready to lend a helping hand, and now I am an enthusiastic worker in the little school-house of which you say you 'never heard of one bit of good that has been accomplished there.' I have heard people say that the teachers of colored children should come from among the grown colored people, but I wonder if they realize that at this imperfect stage of the development of the colored race, that is a good deal after the manner of 'the blind leading the blind.'

"It seems to me a little time spent in instructing the growing youth of that race may help the whole country, and we forget that it is 'not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord of Hosts.'"—*N. Y. Observer.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 17.

DAVID'S LAST WORDS.—2 Sam. 23: 1-7.

COMMIT VERSES 3, 4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure.—2 Sam. 23: 5.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The blessed influence of the reign of Christ.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 2 Sam. 22: 1-51.
T. 2 Sam. 23: 1-7.
W. 2 Sam. 24: 1-25.
Th. 1 Kings 1: 1-53.
F. 1 Kings 2: 1-12.
Sa. 1 Chron. 28: 1-21.
Su. 1 Chron. 29: 1-30.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

The lesson should be read in poetic form given in the Revised Version. 1. *Raised up on high:* from a shepherd boy to one of the greatest kings that ever lived. *Anointed:* set apart for his work by God. 3. *The Rock of Israel:* God is so called (1) because he is everlasting and immovable; (2) he is the defence, the stronghold of his people; (3) a shadow and shelter for the weary. *He that ruleth:* omit the italics. David sees as in a vision "One who rules over men, just." This is the ideal for all his successors, but realized perfectly in Christ, the holy and perfect king. 4. *As the light of the morning:* such is the effect sought by every good ruler. But the figure illustrates perfectly the influence of Jesus upon the sinful heart, and upon an ignorant, sinful world. He brings light, life, joy, beauty, comfort, wherever he shines. *As the tender grass:* his influence upon men is like that of the spring sunshine and rain upon the wintry earth, bringing forth fruits and flowers. 5. *Although my house:* although David was conscious of imperfections, yet God had made a promise, and all these blessings were to come forth from his house, through Christ Jesus his Son, and the wider kingdom which he brought in, every believer being an heir of the promise of Abraham. But probably this verse should be read interrogatively. Is not my house so with God? for he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things (perfectly arranged) and sure: for all my salvation and all my desire, shall he not make it to grow? 6. *Sons of Belial:* of worthlessness, lawlessness. *As thorns:* and therefore having no part in the garden of the Lord. 7. *Fenced with iron:* armed with iron, fastened on a long staff. The wicked who refuse to repent are not only useless, but injurious to others. There is nothing to be done with them but to turn them as with fire.

SUBJECT: THE BLESSED KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE CLOSING YEARS OF DAVID'S LIFE.—How many years did David live after the rebellion of Absalom? How many years of famine? (2 Sam. 21: 1.) What error did David commit? (2 Sam. 24.) How was it punished? What do you learn as to the population of his kingdom from this census? What was David doing during most of these years? (1 Chron. 22, 28, 29.) Give a brief account of these preparations for the temple. What were David's last words to Solomon? (1 Kings 2: 1-9.) Where was David buried? (1 Kings 2: 10.) How old was he? How long had he reigned? What would you say of his character? Was his life a success? The source of it. Describe him as a statesman; as a general; as a poet.

II. A VISION OF THE TRUE KING (vs. 1-3).—How is David described in these verses? Who inspired him to speak the words of this lesson? Why is God called a Rock? How is the true king described? Was this a picture of himself, or of his ideal? (v. 5.) In which of his descendants was it fulfilled? (Matt. 2: 2; Luke 1: 32, 33; Phil. 2: 9-11; John 18: 36, 37.) Over whom is Jesus King? What do you find in him that makes him the perfect ideal King?

III. THE BLESSED INFLUENCE OF HIS KINGDOM (vs. 4, 5).—To what is the influence of Jesus compared? Why is it said to be without clouds? In what respects are the sinful heart and the world without Christ like the earth in the night time? What does the sun do for the earth? What thing like unto these does Jesus do for us? In what respects are the sinful heart and the world without Christ like the earth in winter time? What do the sun and rain do for the earth in the spring? What does Jesus do for us like unto these things? Did David feel worthy of such blessings? (v. 5.) How did he know God would do them? (v. 5. See also, 2 Sam. 7: 12-16.) Are these promises being fulfilled?

IV. THOSE WHO REMAIN OUTSIDE THE KINGDOM (vs. 6, 7).—By what name are wicked people called? To what are they compared? What must be done with thorns and weeds? Why? How is their injury to others described? Need any persons remain wicked? If they refuse to repent and change, what must become of them? (Rev. 21: 27.) Is there any way of escape except by turning from their evil ways? (Ezek. 18: 30-32; Matt. 5: 20; 7: 18, 19.)

LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 24.

SOLOMON'S WISE CHOICE.—1 Kings 3: 5-15.

COMMIT VERSES 12, 13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wisdom is better than rubies.—Prov. 8: 11.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Seek first the kingdom of heaven, and all other things shall be added unto you.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 3: 1-15.
T. 2 Chron. 1: 1-17.
W. James 1: 1-17.
Th. Matt. 6: 19-34.
F. 1 Kings 9: 1-9.
Sa. Josh. 24: 1-16.
Su. Prov. 3: 1-18.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

5. *Ask, etc.:* the answer to his prayers and worship. 6. *And Solomon said:* Solomon grounds his request that Jehovah would grant him the gifts needful for a sovereign upon the mercy shown his father David, to whom God had performed his promises. 7. *I am but a little child:* his humility shows his wisdom. He saw how weak he was for the great work to be done. *How to go out or come in:* i.e., transact the business of the government. 8. *Which thou hast chosen:* it was not only a great nation, but the nation chosen to represent God before the world, and carry out his kingdom, and teach the world his truths. All this was a far greater responsibility than the ruling an ordinary kingdom. *A great people:* 1,580,000 warriors, besides 38 000 Levites (1 Chron. 23: 3; 21: 5, 6), which would imply a population of 6,000,000. 9. *Give an understanding heart:* true, religious wisdom, applied to the affairs of his kingdom; a clear perception of right and wrong, and skill to decide every difficult question aright. It includes also an aptitude for the acquisition and use of the higher branches of philosophical knowledge, natural and moral, which constituted the learning of his age. In the latter, he excelled the most famous men of his time. 10. *Pleased the Lord:* for he asked nothing for himself, but only fitness for his work. 12. *None like thee:* his knowledge of nature extended to all the kingdoms of creation and the products of every country (1 Kings 4: 31-33). He gave special attention to the study of man. His manifold observation and experience he expressed in maxims, of which, according to 1 Kings 4: 32, he composed three thousand. Strangers thronged from foreign lands to know the wise king, and to admire his institutions and appointments. 14. *If, etc. . . . then I will lengthen thy days:* long life was conditional on obedience. Solomon failed in his part, and he died about the age of sixty. 15. *Behold it was a dream:* this passed while Solomon dreamed: but the results show that it was a real choice.

SUBJECT: THE WISE CHOICE.

QUESTIONS.

I. GOD'S OFFER TO SOLOMON (vs. 5).—What great religious festival did Solomon hold? (2 Chron. 1: 1, 2.) Who were invited? For what purpose? Where was it held? Why at Gibeon? (2 Chron. 1: 3-5.) What can you tell about Gibeon? What was the extent of his sacrifices? What vision did Solomon have at its close? What offer did the Lord make to him? Does he make a like offer to us all? (Matt. 7: 7; John 14: 13, 14; James 1: 5.) Does every one practically, by deeds if not by words, ask God what he shall give him?

II. SOLOMON CONSIDERS GOD'S OFFER (vs. 6-8).—In thinking over what he should ask, how many reasons does Solomon find for making the choice he did? What had God done for his father? How was this a reason for his wise choice? What did he feel himself to be? Was he very young and inexperienced for the great work? Was this humility a good sign? How great a people had the kingdom grown to be? (1 Chron. 21: 5, 6; 2 Chron. 23: 3.) Has God given each of us a great and important work to do? Do we need the greatest wisdom to accomplish it well?

III. THE WISE CHOICE (v. 9).—What did Solomon choose? Did this prove that he was fitted to receive? What did he mean by an understanding heart? Was it the same wisdom as he describes in Prov. 3: 13-16? Did he ask this for himself? Was it a wise choice? Why? Is it a choice we can make?

IV. GOD'S RESPONSE (vs. 10-15).—How was the Lord pleased with Solomon's choice? Why? What did he promise? How was it fulfilled in Solomon's life? (1 Kings 3: 16-28; 4: 29-34.) What more was given him? How was this fulfilled? (1 Kings 10: 1-29.) On what condition should we live long to enjoy all this? Did he have long life?

V. NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT.—What should we seek first? (Matt. 6: 33; Prov. 4: 7; 10: 16.) Will God add temporal blessings to those that seek first his kingdom? (Matt. 6: 33; Mark 10: 29, 30.) Does the Lord love to give abundantly? (Eph. 2: 4-7; Luke 6: 35; 11: 13.) Can we ever get the best *temporal* blessings by seeking them first? Would they be as good for us if we could?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. To every one comes the offer, Ask what I shall give thee.

II. What we ask tests our characters and determines our destiny.

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Fourth Quarter.)

1. Oct. 6. The tribes united under David 2 Sam. 5: 1-12.
2. Oct. 13. The Ark brought to Zion. 2 Sam. 6: 1-12.
3. Oct. 20. David's Thanksgiving Prayer. 2 Sam. 7: 18-29.
4. Oct. 27. Sin, Forgiveness, and Peace. Ps. 32: 1-11.
5. Nov. 3. David's Rebellious Son. 2 Sam. 15: 1-12.
6. Nov. 10. David's Grief for Absalom. 2 Sam. 18: 18-33.
7. **Nov. 17.—David's Last Words. 2 Sam. 23: 1-7.**
8. **Nov. 24.—Solomon's Wise Choice. 1 Kings 3: 5-15.**
9. Dec. 1. The Temple dedicated. 1 Kings 8: 51-63.
10. Dec. 8. Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. 1 Kings 10: 1-13.
11. Dec. 15. Solomon's Fall. 1 Kings 11: 4-13.
12. Dec. 22. Close of Solomon's Reign. 1 Kings 11: 26-43.
13. Dec. 29. Review and Temperance. Prov. 23: 29-35.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE BOYS' ROOM.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A separate room for every member of the family should be contrived wherever it is possible, and separate sleeping quarters may usually be managed by a convenient arrangement of screens, if the importance of privacy is recognized. The mistaken economy which sacrifices the sleeping-apartments to the drawing-room sometimes obliges the delicate child to share the bed of the stronger one, or permits a young girl to sleep with an invalid or an aged person. Always unadvisable, in the latter case, there is real peril to the younger, whose life forces are insensibly drained, and who grows ailing and pallid while the other derives new strength. In our present knowledge of sanitary science we have learned that the babe sleeps more comfortably in its crib than on its mother's arm, and we look well to the ventilation of our chambers, shuddering as we think how stuffy and close must have been the sleeping-rooms of our ancestors, with curtains drawn around the couch and every precaution imaginable taken to exclude fresh air.

But if the boys are obliged to share a room, let it be a large one, and give each his own bed. There are homes in which any place is supposed to be good enough for the boys. Theirs is the old threadbare carpet voted too shabby for the girls' use, and worn to the last verge already in some other apartment. No furniture in the house is so mismatched, so unsightly, perhaps so uncomfortable, as that given to the boys.

"What if it be hideous?" says the dainty elder sister; "the boys are very little in their room except to sleep, and they wouldn't appreciate it if we made it beautiful. What do boys—great rough creatures—care for graceful rooms? They are never in the house when they can help it, except to eat and sleep."

Whose fault is it, if this be true?

"What do the boys want of a new mattress?" the father observes, on hearing that the affair on which Bert and Jamie repose is hard, lumpy, and in the mother's opinion unfit for service longer. "They are so tired when night comes that they are asleep in two minutes after their heads touch the pillow. Besides, it is not well for boys to be coddled. Let them get used to hardship while they are young."

I never hear without a protest the statement that boys, *per se*, are rough, coarse, or ill-bred. Their good or ill breeding is, like that of their sisters, entirely dependent on the home environment, and as a very plain-spoken but very sensible woman once observed in my presence, "If you treat a boy like a clown, you cannot expect him to behave like a gentleman," I should be always as scrupulously courteous, as gently considerate of my boys as of my girls, and remembering how full the world before their feet will be of temptations to take the wrong path, I would do my utmost to make the home a refuge and a delight.

Choosing for the boys as large a room as I could conveniently spare, with an exposure to the morning sun, I would do all in my power to make that room attractive. A carpet in any sleeping-room is an article of doubtful comfort, and in the boys' room a painted or oiled floor, with large rugs which can be easily shaken and kept free from dust, is immensely the better thing to have. Fur rugs are very luxurious, but the Smyrna rug, comparatively inexpensive, and almost as elegant as the costly Persian or Turkish carpet, will satisfy any reasonable boy. There are tasteful and durable rugs of home-made manufacture which are warm to the feet, bright and restful to the eye, and while answering every other purpose, are extremely cheap, being composed of ravelled ends of old carpet and odds and ends from the rag-bag, woven in cunning designs by the deft fingers of mother herself.

A fireplace where in winter the boys may have a cheery blaze on the hearth, an open Franklin stove, which is the next best substitute for the glow on the hearth itself; a grate, if neither of the former can be allowed, or, failing everything else, some hot-air contrivance to warm the room, should be considered essential to its occupants' comfort. Short summers and long winters prevail over wide latitudes in our country, and it is too much to expect of boy nature that a boy shall spend a large proportion of his time in a room where the temperature stubbornly sinks to freezing or even to chilling point. The items of fire and light are among the most important, and gas-burners or a cheery lamp should be regarded as prime requisites. Boys are gregarious, and a boy ought to have a room into which he can freely at his pleasure invite the "fellows." Every mother who cares more for her boys than for her polished stairway or velvet carpeting feels a thrill of satisfaction when the boot heels of her sons' comrades tap on her floor. She is a wise little mother if, like Caroline in *Magnum Bonum*, she sets her children first, and cares a great deal less for the properties and applicances of life than for life itself as it daily blossoms out in her growing sons.

A mother to whom her son is a man in embryo can tolerate with serene philosophy the shouts of mirth which reach her from the den above her head, and the occasional tumultuous rush and whirl, the far-off echo of the wrestling match in which the lads are having a friendly tussle to see whose is the stronger muscle, will not greatly disturb her. Wrestling bouts are bad for carpets, but rugs can be kicked aside, and the oiled floor will be none the worse, which furnishes another argument against the carpet.

A boy usually passes through several stages, during which collecting is one hobby on which he rides delightedly. From postage-stamps, the collection of which teaches him geography, history, and political economy, every stamp being one token of some advance in civilization, and a sign of the fraternal union of the race, thte ransition is easy to the coins, pebbles, butterflies, moths, and rare plants which evince the taste for natural history, of all tastes the safest and most wholesome for a boy. Let him have cabinets in his den where he may label and preserve his specimens, and see that no careless hand wielding a reckless broom or duster ever displaces and mars these. A boy has a right to expect that his possessions shall not be ruthlessly invaded in the interests of house-cleaning or curiosity.

What shall I say of the honesty of a mother who, generous with the goods of another, despoiled her son's cabinet of its curios and treasures wherever the whim seized her, saying, airily, "Oh, Leo can easily procure others; take this, dear, if you like it," to some small marauder who had gazed longingly on Leo's collections?

This brings me to the suggestion which I am thankful few mothers need, that the law of ownership should be rigidly respected as regards our children's wealth. Nobody has a right to give away what does not belong to her without asking and gaining its owner's consent. The owner's relationship to herself gives her no claim upon his goods, and by no means excuses either petty larceny or highway robbery.

A boy has sometimes the taste of the bibliograph, and likes to gather books about him in dainty dress, perhaps in rare editions. To encourage him in this he should have shelves whereon to arrange his books, and, pursuing the line of thought just indicated, neither sister nor cousin should borrow his volumes without leave, while to borrow or lend them to any one else should be a criminal offence.

In the home we should respect the rights of one another. Only in the home where there is due regard for the rights of everybody can there be constant opportunity for the exchange of gracious amenities and amiable courtesies. Privilege and right are quite different terms.

The boy who has a mechanical turn and is handy with tools, if he cannot have a regular tool-shop somewhere on the premises, should be allowed to keep and use his tools in his room. Of course he will not abuse the permission, and saw and plane will never break in on his mother's afternoon nap, nor rasp the nerves of a convalescent in the next chamber.

I am not sure that anybody is such an acquisition to a house as a man who is deft and skilful, mending a hinge, replacing a window-cord, setting a pane, hanging a picture, repairing a broken chair, upholstering a cushion or a couch. The boy who has a turn for carpentry or mechanics will by-and-by be that sort of man, saving dollars upon dollars in the yearly income, holding the plumbers at bay, and giving no end of agreeable surprises to his wife in the way of handy helpfulness.

As a rule, a boy does not care to accumulate bric-a-brac, and his den will have few small articles to dust and arrange daily. But a really good print or two upon the walls, a few well-chosen photographs, a picture cut from a favorite illustrated paper and neatly mounted and framed, will add grace to his apartment and relieve the monotony of bare walls. His rifle, if he be a sportsman, his violin or banjo, if musical, his base-ball and bat, tennis racket, chess board and men, all belong to his own room. They are part of his resources, and all help to bind him to the home which is dearer to him than the corner on which homeless boys congregate, or the street where they take lessons in evil and crime.

Homeless boys! There are too many of them with good clothes on their backs, good shoes on their feet. With enough to eat and to wear, they are practically as badly off as the boys who live in the narrow and crowded tenements to whom home is a mere name. For to the latter the boys' club or lodging-house opens wide a door to something of interest, some entertaining game or attractive study. The homeless boys who spring from the family table and fly to the street, who think of home as only a shelter, if not as half a prison, move my profoundest sympathy. What will they come to when a half-dozen years shall have deepened the lines around the boyish mouth and bronzed the beardless cheek!

A boy's home can be the strongest influence to bind him to the kingdom of heaven. And one of the most prized elements in making his home all that home should be is a boys' room.—*Harper's Young People.*

BEING NEIGHBORLY AT TABLE.

The one thing that should be invariably insisted upon is absolute promptness and regularity at meals; and children should be taught that they can show no greater and no more selfish discourtesy than either keeping others waiting to sit down, or, if this ceremoniousness is excused, in breaking the harmony and propriety that good manners demand, by being late at table. Respectable, considerate manners are almost out of vogue, and the children of to-day ride rough-shod over the proprieties in a manner to make their great-grandparents believe that there is no saving grace left in the world, if their horrified shades ever revisit their accustomed earthly walks. The old-time stiffness and formality of manner may have had its absurdities, but there is no sweeter charm in life than the habit of considerate regard for the common comfort and regularity of the home—the thoughtful deference to others, the affectionate dependence upon one another. If this spirit is cultivated, the family unity, with all its tender and helpful relations, is assured, and the home becomes a real centre and influence of the life. There is no better or surer test of this than the manners at the table. And therefore it is a great loss to the best training and *camaraderie* when its arrangements are so formed as to leave altogether to the waitress the duty of attending to the wants of the company. To keep a watchful eye upon the needs of others, to invite them with gentle courtesy to partake of what they may lack in their supply of the different dishes, will add a glorious spirit of unselfishness and harmony, for which nothing else gives opportunity. No collection of dainty dishes, no extent of formal elegance of arrangement, will give the heart warmth and delight of simple, unobstrusive, kindly attention from one's neighbors at the table.—*Good Housekeeping.*

CRAZY AFGHAN.

Collect odds and ends of Zephyr and Germantown—all colors and shades—of various lengths—none longer than a yard, mostly bright ones, break and tie together and wind in balls. Crochet in strips 12 inches wide and the length of afghan in star stitch, keeping the knots on the wrong side. Alternate the crazy strips with plain black in crazy stitch or star stitch. Crochet the strips together with yellow. Tie the fringe in ends, or crochet a black border edged with yellow. I have three strips of crazy work 12 inches wide and four strips of black six inches wide. It is very handsome, and much easier than tricot stitch embroidered; besides using up bits of worsted one doesn't know what to do with.

The same idea can be carried out in a chair scarf, or sofa pillow, using velvet or wool canvas for the black strips.

PRETTY BEDSPREADS.

Those who have as heirlooms old heavy home-made linen sheets, can transform them into handsome counterpanes by the following method: Divide them into squares or parallelograms, by drawing out the threads, and working the open spaces by merely twisting three or four threads over as many others with the wash filoselle, or heavy red or blue working cotton. In each square or oblong space, with one or two colors of the same, work little quaint designs. These may be irregular geometrical patterns, or such figures as fancy may suggest. It can be divided into squares by briar or feather-stitching, if preferred to the open work. Finish the edge with coarse linen lace. Pillow-shams to match are easily made.—*Prairie Farmer.*

PUZZLES—NO. 22.

ENIGMATICAL REBUS.

A well known shell-fish first disclose,
A letter drop and then transpose,
To find what often gives delight,
When round the hearth we sit by night.
Again reject, transpose and name,
An ancient city of great fame,
Reject once more and I will be,
What often pleased your infancy,
Again reject and you'll descry,
A preposition—So good-bye. S. MOORE.

INVESTIGATION PUZZLE.

Find the word father-in-law once in the Old Testament and once in the New.

SQUARE.

1. A part of time. 2. A lazy fellow. 3. Dazzling. 4. A water fowl. 5. To run.

S. MOORE.

DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. Common name for a near relation. 3. Name of a Biblical King. 4. A verb. 5. A letter. ANDREW A. SCOTT.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 21.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.—Thomas, John 20: 25.

Tabitha, Acts 9:36.
Hannah, 1 Sam. 1:20.
Othniel, Judges 3:9.
Methuselah, Gen. 5:25.
Absalom, 2 Sam. 3:3.
Saul, 1 Sam. 13:1.

SQUARE.—

S E N T
E V E R
N E R O
T R O Y

BIBLE ACROSTIC.—

S-amari-A	1 Kings 16, 24.
O -re -B	Judges 7, 25.
L-azaru-S	John 11, 14-19.
O-meg -A	Rev. 22, 13.
M-icha -L	1 Sam. 14, 49 and 19, 11.
O- n -O	1 Chron. 8, 12.
N-ahu-M	Nahum 1, 1.

DIAMOND.—

S
B A R
B A B E S
S A B B A T H
R E A D Y
S T Y
H

RECIPES.

SAGO CREAM.—One-half cupful of sago, one pint of rich milk, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little salt, whites of three eggs, one cupful of whipped cream (cream whipped until stiff with a Dover or other egg beater). Cook the sago in the milk until clear; add the salt and sugar; beat the whites to a stiff froth; add to the mixture; cook two minutes. Flavor delicately with vanilla and a drop or two of bitter almond. When a little cool, whisk in lightly the whipped cream, pour into a melon mould, and place on ice. Turn out, and serve with a strawberry or raspberry sauce, or with cut peaches and sugar and cream; or with a soft custard made of the yolks of the eggs; or mould in layers, with thinly-sliced and sugared bananas. It may be served warm with creamy sauce.

CARROT CUP CUSTARDS.—One pint of milk, yolks of three eggs, two heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little salt, one-half cupful of carrots (parboiled, then grated or mashed to a smooth paste or pulp), and the grated rind of one-half of a small orange. Beat the eggs well; mix the salt, sugar, and orange rind with the carrot. Heat the milk; stir in the eggs gradually; then pour over the carrot mixture. Fill the custard cups, place them in a pan of hot water, and cook on the top of the range until they are firm in the centre. If preferred, they can be steamed in a steamer. When cold, cover, with a meringue made with the whites of the eggs, two heaping teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar, and two tablespoonfuls of dried and sifted sponge-cake crumbs. Heap it upon the custard, brown lightly in the oven, and garnish with fine shreds of candied orange-peel, or quince jelly cut in shreds one-half an inch long.

BREAKFAST PUFFS.—Take two quarts of flour, a teaspoonful of salt; half a teacup of sugar; two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, four eggs and a quart of boiled milk, stir well, fill greased puff moulds two-thirds full and bake in a hot oven.

The Family Circle.

THEY ARE SEVEN.

"How many roses are there, dear?"
I asked a little maid,
"Seven," she answered, counting them
With eyes demurely staid.

"Why, no, dear; one has fallen down
Here on the shelf, you see;
And standing in the pretty vase
Together there are three.

"The other three are in the glass,
Only reflected there."
She looked and nodded in assent,
That little maiden fair.

"Three in the vase, one fallen down,
And in the mirror three;
Add them together, Auntie dear;
There will be seven you see."

I took the vase down from the shelf.
"Now, Annie, come, look here;
Only four roses with them all
Together—that is clear."

With eyes serene, and far more calm
Than Wordsworth's little maid,
Sweet Annie heard my protest through,
And listened undismayed.

"If I were you," she gently said,
With blue eyes raised to heaven,
"I'd put them back there on the shelf,
And then there would be seven."

And after all, is she not right?
It's just the point of view;
A grateful heart knows how to make
One blessing seem like two.

—*The Independent.*

ELEANOR'S TRIUMPH.

"A carriage, and white satin slippers, pearl-colored kid gloves above the elbow, a fan and a bouquet—I must have all these, mother, if I am to be graduated with the other girls. The gown won't be such a dreadful expense, for my last summer's white cashmere can be made over, if I can get a few yards of surah, and Aunt Millie's old point will come in splendidly for trimming. But," and pretty Eleanor heaved a deep sigh, "I must have a sash, an elegant one, of broad, white moire; fifty dollars would about cover the whole expense, mother, if spent with economy."

Mother lifted a tired face from her sewing. Eleanor was too self-absorbed to notice it, but mother was looking ill as well as tired. She had been under a great strain lately, and this dear young daughter was now bringing her weight to add to the burden. How blind a girl's eyes can sometimes be!

"Mother," said Eleanor, pleadingly, "you will manage it somehow, won't you, dear!"

All through her eighteen years, Eleanor had been used to seeing mother contrive to bring order out of confusion, straighten tangled skeins, perform what looked almost impossible. That there might be a limit to mother's ability in that direction, the girl did not dream.

"I asked father last evening if he would fill my order for any reasonable amount," Eleanor proceeded, "and he laughed and told me to go to you, mother. He said, 'Of course, I want my little girl to look as nice as the others, after she has worked so hard.' And, mother, you know, in the autumn, I'll be sure to have a position myself, and money will be coming in then every month, so that I can pay you back."

Still mother was silent. An inscrutable expression, hardening and ageing the quiet face, had stolen over it at the allusion to father, the easy-going, amiable, impecunious man, whom everybody loved, and whose children, thanks to his wife's tact, did not suspect his weakness. He always left it to mother to say no. She must always do the denying and reproving.

A conflict was going on in the mother's mind, such a conflict as only mothers similarly situated can understand. To deny Eleanor, at the culmination of her school career, the pretty dress and the other luxurious indulgences which her class were to have was inexpressibly painful. But never had it been so difficult to gratify her, for never had needful wants so heaped themselves up. And the load of debt in the background had never pressed so heavily. Mr. Hylton's business was a fluctuating one at best; returns were slow, and often every cent was anticipated before it came. There was the interest on the loan a rich cousin had made, there was the fire insurance to be renewed, the boys were too large to wear home-made clothes, evolved from cast-off suits of their father's, and they had to be fitted out anew. And now, when mother was harassed half to death, to have Eleanor so sweetly and naively present her petition of wants, it was more than the poor wearied woman could endure. She almost gasped for breath as Eleanor went serenely on.

"A carriage, a fan, white satin shoes, long, pearl-colored gloves, a bouquet!" The items ticked themselves off in the mother's mind, as she desperately wondered how they were to be got honestly. They seemed such must-haves to the child that it did not occur to her to say no at once. For a little while there was silence, and, "Please, mother!" began Eleanor, again.

But she went no further, for a very alarming thing took place; mother had quietly fainted away. Nothing more could be said on the subject that day.

"Eleanor Hylton," exclaimed Puss, her younger sister, as that evening, late, the two were preparing for bed, "I don't know whether you have noticed it, but mother is just dying by inches of worry over money. We all go to her, and she wears herself out trying to satisfy our demands, wretches that we are; common sense, to say nothing of love, shows that we must stop spending, if we are to keep our mother. Father doesn't see it, but I do. Are nobody else's eyes to be opened in time?"

"How is it that you know so much more than the rest of us, Puss?" queried Eleanor, ironically.

Puss Hylton was fifteen, and a cripple. She had stayed at home for the last year, studying by herself with a little help from Eleanor, and sharing more of her mother's life than the others. Bit by bit she had penetrated the secret of the pinching economy in some details, offset by the lavishness in others. Little by little it had come home to her that things could not go on at their present pace.

"Eleanor," she said, "there is nobody else to whom we can go for a loan, and the butcher looks cross when he sends in his bill; Dan goes around three squares, sooner than pass the grocer's, he's so ashamed that we owe for the last barrel of flour. And now your graduation is coming to finish the work. If I were you, dear, I would wear my old gown just as it is, and my old shoes, and walk to school; but I'd get my diploma, and take it with independence, not feeling like a sham and a cruel, cruel girl into the bargain. There!"

"Don't say any more, Puss; I'll think about it!"

And Eleanor, with a pale face and a quivering lip took up her Every Day Text Book to read, through a mist of gathering tears, this verse, which seemed to speak to her with an angel's voice: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold."

The color came into Eleanor's cheek, for the thought in her heart had been: "Oh, why are we not rich? Why must we always be poor and kept down by having to count every penny?"

Here was God's answer: "A good name is better than riches."

Well, nobody could have a good name who built up her daily life on false pretences as a foundation, and loving favor would not lead a girl to add a feather's weight of care to the load of an anxious mother. But, being no braver than you are, Molly and Frances, and as fond of a dainty, pretty new outfit as you, Caroline and Sophy, you may imagine that Eleanor's battle was not gained in a breath.

She lay awake a long time, the silent tears stealing down her cheek until her pillow was quite wet. But she was so still that Puss slept peacefully, never suspecting Eleanor's tumult of feeling. By-and-by she stepped out of bed and knelt down beside the window, asking God's help to do just what should be right, and not to mind being singular.

You think she ought to have cared so much for her sick mother that there would have been no contest at all? Whose is the voice that makes this scornful little comment? Is it yours, Marguerite? Let me answer, dear, that you are less tolerant than I because I have lived a little longer. It is very hard for young, inexperienced people to realize the hardships of illness and the danger of death. They feel as though parents especially must live forever, and a peril somewhere in front is not easily realized, while a trouble to be faced now, on the instant, assumes large proportions.

However, Eleanor went to school on the next morning with her mind made up, and she was not one to change it when once she had arrived at a decision. At recess, when the girls talked over the momentous affairs of commencement day and commencement dress, several of them appealed to her. What was their surprise when she said, in low tones, which yet were audible to everybody; "You will have to put me in the back row, girls. I find that it is not convenient for my father and mother to spend anything extraordinary at present; so I am going to wear my last summer's white dress, just as it is, and I shall have nothing at all new."

Contrary to Eleanor's anticipations, this statement produced no effect whatever. Two or three of the more fashionable girls looked annoyed, and one or two of Eleanor's intimate friends glanced at her with sympathy. Daisy Dean stole a little hand into hers with a cordial clasp, whispering, "You brave thing! I love you."

The bell sounded, and recess was over. Tasks were taken up as usual. Eleanor did not know it, but her quiet courage had been a real relief to several timid girls, who had been dreading the expense of commencement, without daring to stem what they supposed to be a public opinion and take an independent course. If somebody will only lead in this world there are always plenty to follow.

And Eleanor was repaid for her sacrifice of personal vanity when she saw the mother face light up and felt the dear arms around her that evening.

"Has it been hard for you, dearie?" said the mother anxiously.

"It would have been, mother, darling, if I hadn't been a selfish creature, who is ashamed of herself for being such a baby," was Eleanor's reply. "But now, that I have settled the thing, I shall just go on studying and think no more about it."

A few weeks later, at the close of the commencement exercises, a very elegant and distinguished looking woman who had recently returned from abroad, approached the president of Eleanor's college.

"Can you tell me," she inquired, "the name and give me some account of a young girl who was dressed very simply, and sat modestly in the background, although she bore off a half-dozen prizes? There was nothing to indicate poverty in her very appropriate school-girl dress, but her face had a look of purpose, and I am in search of such a girl to act as visiting governess to my little daughters."

So from the root of Eleanor's self-denial blossomed the fragrant flower of her success. Her duties at Mrs. Armstrong's proved to be very congenial, while brief hours and frequent holidays left her much time to devote to the assistance of the dear ones at home. In the eyes of the travelled and cultured woman her simple gown had been a positive recommendation, and it was to it she owed the enthusiastic testimonial to her scholarship and worth which the president, having opportunity, was glad to give.

"A good name is better than riches, and loving favor rather to be desired than silver and gold."—*Margaret E. Sangster, in Congregationalist.*

THE BEST BED-TIME STORIES.

An enthusiastic young lady, on her introduction to my mother, exclaimed: "Oh, I am so delighted to know you. I have heard about you for years as the lady who is always telling such wonderful stories to children, and they invariably turn out to be Bible stories. How do you do it?" "Very easily," replied my mother; "the Bible stories are the most wonderful stories in the world."

I never thought the Bible anything but interesting, and to this day think my mother's better than all other tales. I began telling Harry the Bible stories younger than many mothers think worth while, and I used to put his chubby hands together and say his little prayers months before he could lisp the words after me.

My practice has always been to go up with him at night, oversee the undressing, and then, after he is tucked in bed, tell the story. I don't believe in telling the stories at hap-hazard and from ancient and hazy recollections. I carried the boy (quite unconsciously) through a regular plan of Bible history; and I used to spend a little time every morning in getting up the story. The more knowledge the mother has, the more dramatic the story can be made.

I must say (if I speak frankly) that I think the reason why so many children find the Bible dull, is because they have had it taught to them by a lazy intellect. Dulness is a crime sometimes. No indolent and heavy mind can interest and entertain a bright, wide-awake child, I think, also that the great time to make this glorious and lasting impression of the charm of the Bible is before the child is seven. The things told then take on wonderful hues. Does morning or mid-day ever give us colors like the early dawn?

I like the Bible Story-book very much; I have read that aloud three times to my boy. There is nothing in all the world after the Bible like Pilgrim's Progress. I feel sorry for the mother who has never rested herself and children with the wonderful melody of Bunyan's dream.

Many mothers don't believe in telling stories to children after they are in bed. I do. Have the children go to bed half an hour earlier, if necessary, for the privilege.

The trouble, so many times, is with ourselves. We make studying the Bible a duty and keeping Sunday a burden. I think Sunday afternoon ought to have more privileges than any other day of the week, and I think the time of hearing the Bible ought to be a little cosier than any other hour.

An ignorant young mother talked to me once in great dismay about her boy, who often refused to say his prayers. The result would be a pitched battle between the two, and a compulsory repeating of the prayers. "Don't ever let that happen again," I entreated. "If you see the battle coming, focus it on another point. A good general chooses his own battlefield if possible. Then have everything specially pleasant about prayer-time. Tell him a story, give him a new toy, and, in his happiest mood, have prayer-time come." She promised me to do this. Two months afterwards that boy was run over by an engine and instantly killed. I was with his mother in a few hours, and almost her first words were, "I never had any trouble about his prayers after that day at your house."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

WHY WILL YOU?

Why will you keep caring for what the world says? Try, oh, try, to be no longer a slave to it! You can have little idea of the comfort of freedom from it—it is bliss! All this caring for what people will say is from pride. Hoist your flag and abide by it. In an infinitely short space of time all secrets will be divulged. Therefore if you are misjudged, why trouble to put yourself right? You have no idea what a great deal of trouble it will save you. Roll your burden on him, and he will make straight your mistakes. He will set you right with those with whom you have set yourself wrong. Here am I a lump of clay; thou art the potter. Mold me as thou in thy wisdom wilt. Never mind my cries. Cut my life off—so be it; prolong it—so be it. Just as thou wilt; but I rely on thy unchanging guidance during the trial. Oh, the comfort that comes from this!—*Gen. Gordon.*

HOW TO KEEP YOUNG.

It is not years that makes men old; the spirit may be young,
Although for the co score years and ten the wheels of life have run;
God has Himself recorded, in His blessed Word of Truth,
That they who wait upon the Lord, they shall renew their youth.

—*Anon.*

THE BABIROUSSA.

The babiroussa is an Indian hog, not a very pleasant sort of animal to look at, and an exceedingly disagreeable one to meet when it is not in the best humor. As shown in the illustration, it has two pairs of tusks, those in the lower jaw being somewhat like a wild-boar's, but the pair which spring from the top of the upper jaw are very long, and curve inward, almost touching the skin of the forehead. The upper tusks do not spring from between the lips, but cut their way through the skin, and have the appearance of growing out of the upper part of the snout.

The animal usually grows to the ordinary size of wild hogs, but some have been killed that were as large as a donkey. It can run very fast, and is a most dangerous enemy when brought to bay. It is of a gray color, the skin hanging in folds or wrinkles about the body, which is covered very thinly with short bristles. The tail is nearly without hair, save at the end, where it forms a sort of tassel.

The female has the merest apologies for tusks, the bone hardly showing through the skin, and in many cases she cannot even boast of that much.

These animals hardly ever have a regular home; they wander from one part of the forest to the other, but always in the wet, marshy portions, feeding on leaves, grass, and water plants. They are remarkably good swimmers, and often cross large lakes rather than walk around them, and they never hesitate to take to the water when in flight. Swimming appears to be as much an instinct with the young babiroussa as with ducks, for they plunge boldly into the water as soon as they can walk.

If suddenly roused in its lair, instead of seeking safety in flight, the babiroussa rushes out upon its assailant with the utmost fury, and although its tusks are curved so nearly to the flesh, it can inflict most dangerous wounds. By the natives its flesh is considered a great delicacy, and all the more so because they rarely succeed in killing one save at the expense of several lives.

These hogs usually are found in herds of six or eight, and the males as well as the females care for the young, petting them in their swinish way as human parents do their offspring. Savage as they are, there is no more dangerous time to approach them than when the young are small. The females will gather around the young ones, while the males will rush out to give battle without waiting for an attack.

Funck, the naturalist of Cologne, tells of an encounter with a babiroussa which was related to him by a sea-captain. Two sailors and three natives came suddenly upon a herd of five full-grown hogs and two young ones. The two females of the party immediately covered the young with their bodies, while the males dashed forward with such fury that all the party, save one of the sailors, were overturned, and at the mercy of the savage brutes.

One of the natives was instantly killed the lower tusks of the hog being driven through his eye into his brain. Another was fatally wounded, and not one of the party escaped serious injury. During the affray, which did not last many minutes, the hunters had had an opportunity to fire among the herd but once, and that without inflicting any injury. It was almost impossible for the party even to drag their wounded companions out of the reach of the infuriated beasts, and they did not succeed in doing so until after several more severe wounds had been inflicted by the hogs, which pursued them quite half a mile.

The traveller Brun, writing of the fortunate chance which gave him an opportunity of carefully examining the babiroussa, was much more successful. He says:—

"I was once in a low, damp forest on one of the Malaccan islands, when one of my guides drew my attention to a noise as of the grunting of hogs but a short distance away. It was more of a low, whistling sound than a grunt, although now and then could be heard the squeal peculiar to the common hog when angry or frightened."

The guides were familiar with the sound, and without stopping to explain their course, or even to give any advice to the traveller in their charge, they started off at full speed, leaving the explorer with no weapon save a light gun, and no ammunition save the two charges it contained.

Brun knew from the stories he had heard from the natives that his guides had been frightened by the hogs, and he was all the more anxious to capture one because of their rareness.

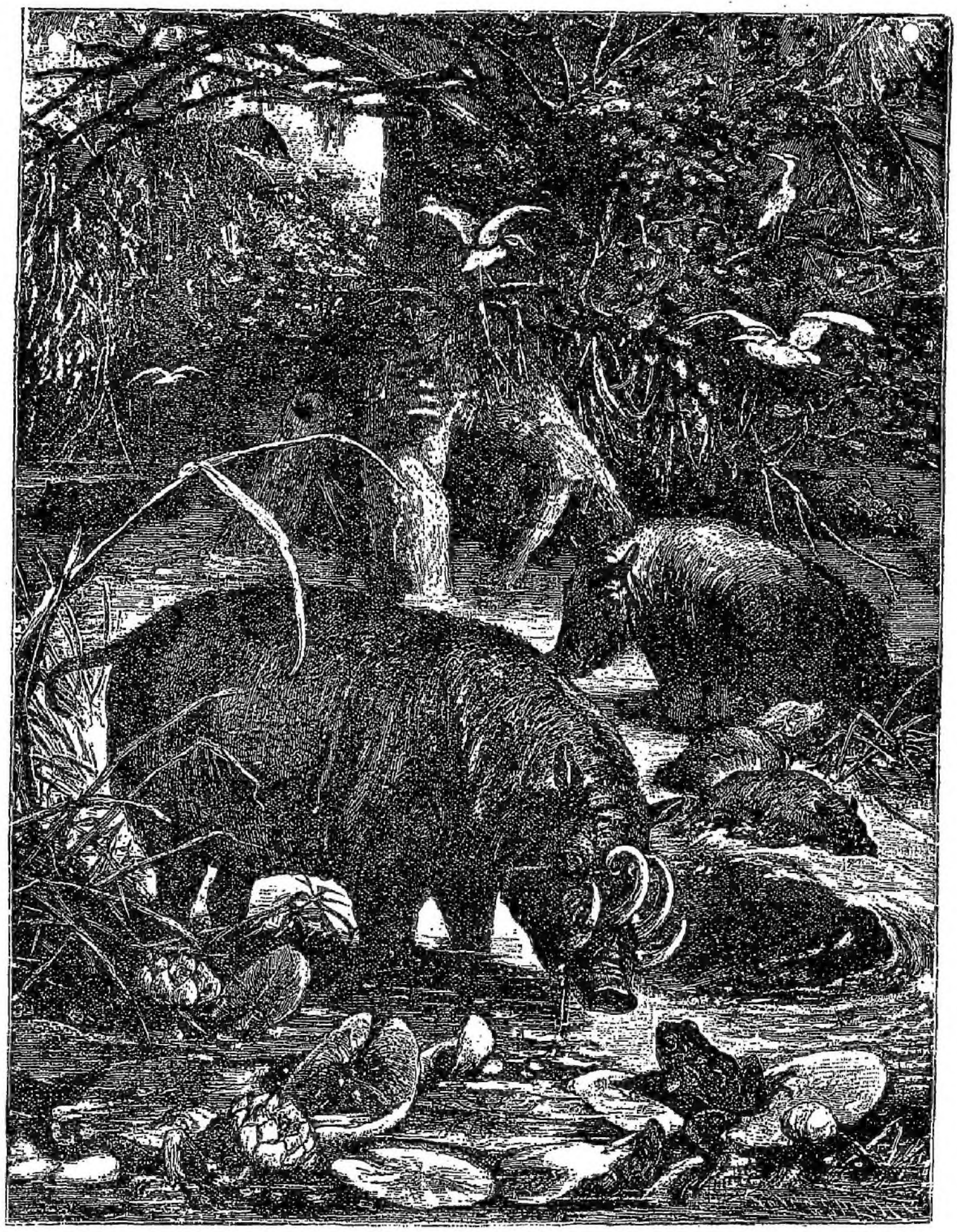
"The noise, which at first seemed near by, was farther away than I thought, for it was not until I had walked quite a mile and a half through the thick underbush that I could distinguish any living thing. Then the gray forms of several large hogs could be indistinctly seen through the foliage, and I determined to risk everything for the sake of bagging the finest of the herd.'

Whether the hogs were startled by something other than the hunter, or whether it was because they were in no mood for fighting that day, cannot be told, but certain it is that, contrary to their usual habits, instead of rushing upon the intruder, they ran swiftly past him to a brook near by, leaping in as if in the greatest excitement and fear.

"They certainly swam under the water at least forty yards, for from the time they plunged in I could see no more of them until they scrambled out, squealing and whistling, on the other side. My gun was loaded with large shot, and since, owing to the absence of my ammunition carrier, I had no bullets, I gave the largest of the party my compliments in the form of a charge of shot."

The animal was hit just behind the foreleg, and tumbled over dead, while his companions, instead of continuing their flight, surrounded him as if to aid him in his trouble.

A second shot had the effect of dispersing them, and the brave hunter had the satisfaction of examining the prize at his leisure. It proved to be a full-grown hog, weighing about one hundred and fifty pounds, while its thick, round body measured three feet in length, and over two feet in height.—*Harper's Young People.*



A FAMILY OF BABIROUSSAS.

BURIAL IN CHINA.

When the Chinese wish to declare the extreme vexatiousness of any piece of work, they say, "It is more trouble than a funeral;" the obsequies of a parent being reckoned the most maddening affair in human experience.

Infants are buried summarily, without coffins, and the young are interred with few rites; but the funerals of the aged, of both sexes, are elaborate in proportion to the number of the descendants and to their wealth. When a childless married man dies, his widow may perform all the duties of a son toward him, may remain in his house, and may adopt children to rear as his heirs. If his widow purposes marrying again, a young male relative may, with the consent of senior members of the clan, undertake the services expected from a son, and may inherit the estate of the deceased.

When one is about to die, he is removed from his couch to a bench or to a mat on the floor, because of a belief that he who dies in bed will carry the bedstead as a burden into the other world. He is washed in a new pot, in warm water in which a bundle of incense-sticks is merged. After the washing, the pot and the water are thrown away together. He is then arrayed in a full suit of new clothing, that he may appear at his very best. He breathes his last in the main room, before the largest door of the house, that the departing soul may easily find its way out into the air.—*Adele M. Fielde, in the Popular Science Monthly.*

A BOY'S WORK.

BY ANNIE L. HANNAH.

There's a work in the world for every boy,
Be that boy old or young,
A work for his feet, a work for his hands,
For his eyes, his ears and his tongue.

His eyes must look for the work for his hands,
His feet run swift to meet it:
His ears must listen for the command,
His tongue correctly repeat it.

Those eyes may see what should not be seen;
Those hands to evil may stray:
Those ears may list to the tempter's voice:
Those feet walk in sin's dark way.

But not if the boy is strong in the strength
That is promised to every one;
Not if he gird his armor on,
And, trusting in God, go on.

His life, then, shall not be lived in vain;
His light for the Lord will shine;
His work shall be done from day to day,
And finished in God's good time.
—*Golden Rule.*

THE CITY COUSIN.

"Well, what do you think of her?"

The boys, John and George, were going towards the barn swinging the milk pails, when John asked the question. They had met their city cousin at the tea-table for the first time, and each was anxious to find out the opinion of the other.

"Humph! She is like all city girls; looks like a big doll. My! isn't she fixed up, though. Likes to show off her pretty arms, I reckon, too."

"I don't know," said John, "she does look rather fixy, but I shouldn't wonder if she showed some spirit before summer is over. Mother says we ought not to judge people by their clothes. She says our country-made clothes would look as out of place in uncle Nat's parlor as cousin Fan's city dresses do in our kitchen."

"Oh! it isn't all the clothes," returned George; "someway she seems too airy to suit me. She will be no good on picnics or to go fishing. She will most likely scream at a snail, and think she is going to be killed by every cow or sheep that she sees. I like girls with some pluck," he added.

John laughed, but made no reply as he took down the milking-stool and set about his evening task of milking five cows.

The days went by until Fannie had been two weeks at the farm. So far she certainly had not shown herself a girl of spirit, and George voted her a nuisance; John was reserving his opinion. John had a way of keeping his opinions somewhat to himself and thereby saved himself some embarrassment, when, as was sometimes the case, he had occasion to change his views.

One morning as they sat at breakfast, Mr. Saunders remarked:

"I wish one of you to lead the horses down to the shop; Prince has lost two shoes, and Princess must have hers tightened."

"All right!" responded George heartily, "I will go."

"I am going with you," said Fannie. "I can lead one horse and I want to see the inside of a blacksmith's shop."

"That is a pretty place for that lace thing you have on," exclaimed George, with half a sneer.

"Oh! I *do not* care to go in, but I suppose I can look in. It won't hurt my eyes, will it?"

George was not altogether pleased with the proposition of the young lady to lead Princess, but she was determined, and his father said,—

"Let Fannie go. The walk will do her good; it is a gloriously bright morning."

And Fannie went. The blacksmith shop was only a few rods distant, but there was the railway track to cross. Just before they reached the railway George stopped suddenly and said:—

"See here, Fan, do you suppose you can hold Prince a minute? I owe Tom Betts half a dollar, and I promised to pay it this morning, and he is over there in the field; if I run over it will save me a walk down to the house. Just hold the halter a minute. He will stand all right," and George was off before Fannie had time to refuse even if she had any intentions of doing so. George evidently found something to say to his friend beyond what was necessary to the settlement of his debt, and the minutes passed—five, ten, fifteen of them, and still Fannie stood there holding the horses and waiting for George. Suddenly the car whistle sounded, and there, coming around the curve, was the express train. Fannie grasped the halters with a firmer hold and wondered could she hold them, or would they trample her under their feet? George heard the whistle and remembered the frail girl alone with the spirited horses close beside the track. He started at once and ran, but he was too late; the train went whizzing past. The horses snorted and pulled and jerked at the halters, but Fannie held on bravely, though it seemed to her that the flesh was tearing from her hands. The great puffing engine passed and she was still holding the struggling horses, when suddenly the halters were taken from her grasp, and she saw her uncle standing beside her.

"Why, Fannie, what does this mean! Where is George?"

Though George was there to speak for himself, for once he had nothing to say. "To think of your leaving a girl to hold two horses here by the track while you were off gossiping with Tom Betts," said Mr. Saunders; "it is a mercy she was not killed." Then turning to Fannie, "I don't see how you managed to hold them."

"There wasn't anything else to do.'

"Not even if you were killed Here, George, if you think you can manage them both you may go on to the shop while I take your cousin back to the house. She will wait until I can go with her before she sees the inside of the shop. But, child, where is your hat?"

"What there is left of it lies there in the road;" replied Fannie. "It fell off and I had something else to do, so I did not pick it up. Then my hair fell down; I must look like a crazy girl."

"Whatever you may look like, you act a great deal more sanely than your cousin here," replied Mr. Saunders, who, realizing the danger in which Fannie had been, was thoroughly out of patience with George.

"Don't scold him, please," said Fannie; "he did not mean any harm; he forgot that I was only a city girl."

"You are a plucky one, any way," said George; "and I'll never again say you are no good."

"That was quite an apology for George to make," said Mr. Saunders as he and Fannie turned to go back to the house. "He hates to own that he has made a mistake.'

"Here, mother, I have brought Fannie back to you; I guess you may as well put her to bed, for she is pretty nearly used up," said Mr. Saunders to his wife as he and Fannie reached the house.

It was true that the girl was quite overcome. When the excitement was over she had found herself unable to stand alone, and her uncle had almost carried her. It was several days before she regained her strength, but she had gained a staunch friend. Her cousin George was ever after her firm ally. If a picnic or fishing excursion, or later in the season a nutting party was proposed, George was sure to say, "Of course have the girls along; as a rule, they are a nuisance, but Fan is worth a dozen boys."

"Fannie," said he one day when they were talking it over, "why didn't you let go of the halters that morning?"

"My mother taught me when I was a little child to 'hold fast.' If I had let go then, I should have been ashamed whenever I remembered it," replied Fannie.—*The Pansy.*

FANNIE HELD ON BRAVELY.

A BED-TIME STORY.

"A story! I will soon be in bed," said Birdie Brown, as her sister promised to tell her a story. Her sister began;

"There was a king who had a little daughter whom he loved very much. He wanted to make her a beautiful and wise princess; so he sent her to a country where she was to pass through many schools and learn lessons that would fit her for her father's home. This kind father did not send his little daughter alone. He gave her ten servants to wait upon and care for her.

"Two of these servants were to show her all the beautiful and useful things that she should meet with in her absence, and when she got homesick they were to bid her look up and tell it all to father, and he would hear and comfort her. Two more were to help the little girl to hear sweet music and sounds that would give her joy and pleasure, and that would tell her about what she saw, and bid her always remember her father's love. Two more carried her wherever she went; and poor, indeed, she would have been without these little servants. Another told her all she wanted to say to those around her, and sang hymns of praise to her father, the king. Two more helped her to do everything that would give happiness to herself and others about her; but the last servant was only seen by her father and herself. When this one did his bidding, then all the other servants were faithful and true, and the little girl was beautiful and happy. The last servant always told his little mistress to love her father dearly, and not want to guide the other servants to do what would displease him. Sometimes the princess would say to herself, 'Father is not here, and I will do what I please,' then in spite of this servant's pleading she bade him guide the others into forbidden paths, and thus brought upon herself trouble and pain.

"You see that even a little princess, with ten servants to wait upon her, may at times do naughty things.

"At last the loving father gave a command to each of his daughter's servants, calling them by name as he spoke. The names and commands were these:

"'Little Eyes, look up to God;
Little Ears, hear his word;
Little Feet, walk his ways;
Little Mouth, sing his praise;
Little Hands, do his will;
Little Heart, love him still.

"When the little princess heard these commands she made them into one great message for herself; and when she was tempted to bid her servants to do wrong she would say, 'No, no; I will not, for there are

"'Two little eyes to look to God;
Two little ears to hear his word;
Two little feet to walk his ways;
One little mouth to sing his praise:
Two little hands to do his will,
And one little heart to love him still."

"Then her whole soul would be filled with love to her kind Father, and all wicked thoughts would fly away."

"O, sister, I understand your story. I am the little princess, and God is my heavenly Father. He has given me ten little servants to help me do His will. Sister, I think my little heart does 'love him still.' Isn't it delightful that I am a little princess! I am going to try to remember the King's commands. Will you please teach me them to-morrow?"

"Yes, darling. Now shut your eyes and go to sleep, for the King likes his little princess to be up in time in the morning."

"Good-night, sister. I guess I will not grumble any more about servants when I have ten of my own. We are going to be little workers to-morrow for the King."—*Morning-Star.*

OPIUM.

Opium is the dried juice of the white poppy It grows wild in India, Persia, and other parts of Asia. In Europe and America it is cultivated as a garden flower, but in other countries for its opium. A few days after the flowers have fallen, men go through the poppy fields in the afternoon, and make little cuts in the poppy heads; a milky juice oozes out, and dries into a soft brown sticky paste; each morning this paste is scraped off and put into jars, and is afterwards made into balls of about a half pound each, and packed into chests to be sent to foreign countries.

Most of the opium is raised in India and sent to China, where it is largely used for smoking with tobacco. The opium brought to the United States comes chiefly from Smyrna. With us it is used mostly as a medicine in the form of laudanum and paregoric. Laudanum is simply opium dissolved in alcohol. The value of opium lies in its power of quieting the nerves, and taking away pain, but if too much is taken it puts one to sleep, and he does not awaken.

BY-AND-BY AND NEVER.

[A Spanish proverb says that "by the road of By-and-by one arrives at the house of Never."]

There's a dangerous little Afrite who accosts us day by day,
Upsetting every purpose in a soft, enticing way,
Saying, "Rest from this, I pray you, for to-morrow you can try—
If hard work is to be done, you can do it By-and-by."
Though he tell you not to do it,
Mind him not, or you will rue it,
For his words so smooth and clever
Take you to the house of Never.

His voice is like a siren's, and he always aims to please;
He's as idle as a zephyr, and he bids you take your ease;
If your spirits seem to falter, at your elbow he is nigh,
Saying, "Wait a little, brother, you can do it By-and-by."
Though he tell you not to do it,
Mind him not, or you will rue it,
For his words so smooth and clever
Take you to the house of Never.

He commands an endless future, and has youth upon his side,
So he makes your little horoscope magnificently wide:
Quite disturbed by earnest plodders, he appeals with watching eye;
"What's your hurry—wait a little—you can do it By-and-by."
Though he tell you not to do it,
Mind him not or you will rue it,
For his words so smooth and clever
Take you to the house of Never.

He's a tricky little prompter, and he always lingers near,
Knowing just the proper moment when to whisper in your ear;
He can span you pretty rainbows, and make fanciful your sky,
With his magical proviso of the golden By-and-by.
Though he tell you not to do it,
Mind him not, or you will rue it,
For his words so smooth and clever
Take you to the house of Never.

On your eyes he presses poppies, on your will he puts a brake—
Just to keep you soothed and idle, any trouble he will take;
When he trains you in his harness—oh, so mischievous and sly!—
Then you'll dose away the Present in a dream of By-and-by,
Though he tell you not to do it,
Mind him not, or you will rue it,
For his words so smooth and clever
Take you to the house of Never.

—*Harper's Young People.*

THE STORY OF PATSY.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

CHAPTER VII.—PATSY FINDS HIS THREE LOST YEARS.

Now God be thanked for years enwrought
With love which softens yet.
Now God be thanked for every thought
Which is so tender it has caught
Earth's guerdon of regret."

Well, Jim did not succeed in finding his girl, although he "looked" industriously. Either the "millingnaries" did not smile upon him and his slender bank account, or they were not willing to wash the dishes and halve the financial responsibilities besides; but as the winter days slipped by, we could not help seeing that Patsy's pale face grew paler and his soft dark eyes larger and more pathetic. In spite of better care than he had ever had before, he was often kept at home by suffering all too intense for a child to bear. It was almost as if a sixth sense came to him in those days, so full was he of strange thoughts and intuitions. His eyes followed me wistfully as I passed from one child to another, and when my glance fell upon him, his loving gaze seemed always waiting for mine.

When we were alone, as he pored over picture-books, or sat silently by the window, watching the drops chase each other down the pane, his talk was often of heaven and the angels.

Daga Ohlsen had left us. Her baby eyes had opened under Norway skies, but her tongue had learned the trick of our language when her father and mother could not speak nor understand a word, and so she became a childish interpreter of manners and customs in general. But we know that mothers' hearts are the same the world over, and, lacking the power to put our sympathy in words, we sent Daga's last bit of sewing to her mother. Sure enough, no word was needed; the message explained itself; and when we went to take a last look at the dear child, the scrap of cardboard lay in the still hand, the needle threaded with yellow wool, the childish knot, soiled and cumbersome, hanging below the pattern just as she had left it. It was her only funeral offering, her only funeral service, and was it not something of a sermon? It told the history of her industry, her sudden call from earthly things, and her mother's tender thought. It chanced to be a symbol, too, as things do chance sometimes, for it was a butterfly dropping its cocoon behind it, and spreading its wings for flight.

Patsy had been our messenger during Daga's illness, and his mind was evidently on that mystery which has puzzled souls since the beginning of time; for no anxious, weary, waiting heart has ever ceased to beat without its passionate desire to look into the beyond.

"Nixy Jones's mother died yesterday, Miss Kate. They had an orful nice funeral."

"Yes, I'm sorry for the poor little children; they will miss their mamma."

"Not 'nuff to hurt 'em! Them Joneses never cared nuthin' for nobody; they was playing on tin oyster cans the hull blessed ev'nin', till Jim went 'nd stop't 'em, 'nd told 'em it warn't perlite. Say! how dretful it must be to go down into the cold, dark ground, and be shut in a tight box, 'nd want to git out—git out—'nd keep hollerin' 'nd a-hollerin', and nobody come to fetch yer, cause yer's dead!"

"Oh, Patsy, child, stop such fearful thoughts! I hope people are glad and willing to stay when they are dead. The part of them that wonders and thinks and feels and loves and is happy or sad—you know what I mean, don't you?"

"Yes," he said slowly, leaning his head on his hand.

"God takes care of that part; it is his own, and he makes it all right. And as for our bodies, Patsy, you don't care about keeping your poor little aching back, do you? You talk about the cold, dark earth. Why, I think of it as the tender, warm earth, that holds the little brown acorn until it begins to grow into a spreading oak-tree, and nurses the little seeds till they grow into lovely blossoming flowers. Now we must trot home, Patsy. Wrap this shawl over your shoulders, and come under my umbrella."

"Oh, I don't need any shawl, please. I'm so orful hot!"

"That's just the reason," I replied, as I looked with anxious eyes at his flushed cheeks.

I left him at the little door on Anna street, and persuaded Mrs. Kennett to give him some hot soup at dinner-time.

The next morning I was startled from a profound sleep by a tremendous peal of the door-bell. Though only half awakened, my forebodings seemed realized; and the bell rang "Patsy" in my ears.

I hastily slipped on my dress, and going to the door, saw just whom I expected,—Jim.

"What's the matter with Patsy?"

"He's turrible bad, miss; he got took with one o' them fits the worst kind in the night, and liked ter died. Yer could a heerd him screech a block off."

"Oh, my poor boy! Have you had a doctor? What did he say?"

"Well, he said he guessed it was the last one, miss, 'nd I'm afraid it is, sure."

"Who is with him now? Are you going right back?"

"Yes, miss, soon as I go 'nd git leave from the boss. Mis' Kennett's went to her washin.' She could n't 'ford ter lose a job. I found Mr. Kennett, 'nd he's mindin' Patsy. He cries for you; he says he don't want nothin' but jest Miss Kate, and he's that crazy he wants to git up 'nd come to the Kindergarten."

"Dear little lad!" I said, trying to keep back the tears. "Here, Jim, take the school keys to Miss Helen, and ask her to take my place to-day. I'll start in ten minutes for Patsy."

"Thank yer, miss. I tell yer, he's a crooked little chap, but he's as smart as they make 'em; 'nd annyhow, he's all the folks I've got in the world, 'nd I hope we kin pull him through."

"HE SAT SILENTLY BY THE WINDOW."

"Pull him through!" Had years passed over Patsy's head since I saw him last? He seemed to have grown old with the night's pain, but the eyes shone out with new lustre and brilliancy, making ready, I thought, to receive the heavenly visions.

We were alone. I could not bear Mr. Kennett's presence, and had dispatched him for the doctor. I knelt by the bedside, and took his cold hand in mine. I could not pray God to spare him, it was so clear that he had better take him to himself.

"I knowed you'd come, Miss Kate," he said faintly; "I knowed you'd hurry up; you's allers hurryin' up for us boys."

Oh, how beautiful, how awesome, it is to be the messenger of peace to an unhappy soul! So great a joy is it to bear that it is not given to many twice in a lifetime.

The rain beat upon the frail roof, the wind blew about the little house, and a darkness of fast-gathering black clouds fell into the room in place of the morning sunbeams. It was a gloomy day for a journey, but if one were travelling from shadow into sunshine, I thought, it would not matter much.

"Mis Kennett says I must hev a priest, but I don't want no priest but you," whispered the faint voice as I bent over the pillows. "What does priests do when folks is sick, Miss Kate?"

"They pray, Patsy."

"What fur?"

I paused, for in my grief I could think of no simple way of telling that ignorant little child what they did pray for.

"They will pray for you, dear," I said at length, "because they will want to talk to God about the little boy who is coming to him; to tell him how glad they are that he is to be happy at last, but that they shall miss him very, very much."

"The priest lives clear out Market street, 'nd he would n't git 'ere 'fore God knew the hull thing 'thout his tellin' of it. You pray, Miss Kate."

"O thou dear, loving Father in Heaven, Patsy's Father and mine, who givest all the little children into their mothers' arms, if one of them is lost and wandering about the world forlorn and alone, surely Thou wilt take him to a better home! We send little Patsy to Thee, and pray that his heart may be filled with joy and thankfulness when he comes to live in Thy house."

"Tell 'im 'bout them three years what I lost, so 't he'll make 'lowance, jest as you did."

"O God, who saw fit to lay a heavy burden on Patsy's little shoulders and take away his three years, make them up to him in his heavenly life."

"Yer never said *Amen*! 'Tain't no good 'thout yer say Amen!"

"Amen!"

Silence for many minutes. The brain was alive with thoughts, but the poor tired body was weakened already with the labor of telling them. When he spoke again, it was more slowly and with greater difficulty.

"I guess—Heaven—is kind o' like—our Kindergartent—don't you? 'nd so—I ain't goin' to feel—strange! There'll be beautiful places, with flowers bloomin' in 'em, 'nd birds 'nd brooks mebbe, like those in the stories you tell us, and lots of singin' like we have; and the peoples are good to each other, like our children, 'ceptin' Jimmy Battles,—'nd they'll do each other's work, 'nd wait on the angels, 'nd run errants for God, I s'pose—and everybody 'll wear clean—white—aprons—like in the picture-books; but I sha'n't like it much 'thout you git there pretty quick, Miss Kate; but I ain't going to cry!"

"Oh, Patsy, my boy, it is for those who are left behind to cry. It must be better to go."

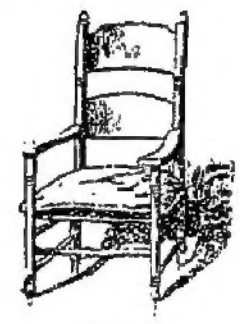
"Well, I'm willin.' I've got enough o' this, I tell yer, with backaches, 'nd fits, 'nd boys callin' sassy names—'nd no gravy ever on my pertater;—but I hate to go 'way from the Kindergartent—only p'raps Heaven is just like, only bigger, 'nd more children—'nd no Jimmy Battleses! Sing about the pleasant mornin' light, will yer, please—Miss Kate?"

And in a voice choked with tears, as Jim came in and lifted Patsy in his arms, I sang the hymn that he had sung, with folded hands and reverent mien, every morning of his life in the Kindegarten:—

"Father, we thank Thee for the night,
And for the pleasant morning light;
For rest and gladness, love and care,
And all that makes the day so fair!
Help us to do the things we should;
To be to others kind and good;
In all we do, in work or play,
To grow more loving every day!"

The last lingering, trembling note fell upon the death-like stillness of the room, as with one sharp, brief struggle, one look of ineffable love and peace, the tired lids dropped heavily over the eyes never to be lifted again. Light had gleamed upon the darkened pathway, but the silent room, the dying fire, the failing light, and the falling rain were all in fellowship with Death. My blessed boy! God had given him back his three lost years!

"Oh, it is hard to take to heart the lesson that such deaths will teach, but let no man reject it, for it is one that all must learn. When Death strikes down the innocent and young, from every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes."



THE END.

NOW.

Rise! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armor,
And forth to the fight are gone;
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play—
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day.

Rise! from your dreams of the future,
Of gaining some hard fought field,
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honor, God grant it may;
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as to-day.

Rise! if the past detain you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No claims so unworthy to hold you
As those of vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless forever,
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Rise! for the day is passing!
The low sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle—
Arise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When from dreams of a coming battle,
You may wake to find it past.

—Adelaide Ann Procter.

A STUMBLING-BLOCK.

BY HELEN JAY.

Sadie Bush was the prettiest girl in Camden. Every one said so. Even old Mr. Brown, who was supposed never to think of anything earthly, had been known to relax under the influence of her bonny face. She was stylish, too, and always wore the daintiest gowns and the most bewitching hats.

Her embroidery was the admiration and despair of her friends. Quaint bits of china decorated with artistic conceits gave evidence of more than usual ability in design and execution; and, to crown all, she sang divinely.

Mrs. Browning, the sexton's wife, confided to her particular friend and crony, Mrs. Stevens, that to hear that girl sing in church made her heart shiver 'till she hadn't a dry eye in her head. And Mrs. Stevens had been heard to reply that it made her think of "The Cherubim and Seraphim continually."

Judge Bush was the richest, most influential man in his native town. For generations his ancestors had been the lawyers of that section of the country. It was the universal verdict that the Bushes were a brave, clean race. There were no blotted pages in their family record. Sauls, in honor, they were head and shoulders above their fellows, and yet, they were not Christians. Father and son lived and died serenely righteous, doing good, yet never confessing faith in the Lord and Saviour of men.

Clergyman after clergyman had argued, entreated and agonized in vain. The polished courtesy of the gentleman never failed. The lovable traits of character were never so manifest as in their dealing with the ministry; yet they would have nothing to do with "Jesus of Nazareth."

"They did not need him."

The present pastor of the church, Dr. Ruston, felt completely discouraged. He said to his wife, "If I could only break through that dead wall of voiceless opposition to Christ, I might hope for this church."

His wife looked surprised. "What dead wall?" she asked.

"The Bush family," he replied, gravely. "They have done more to injure the cause of Christ here in Camden than all the liquor stores and infidels the place has ever known."

Mrs. Ruston's sweet face wore a troubled look. "That is an awful thing to say, John, about such nice people."

Her husband made an impatient gesture. "Stop, Clara. That's just it; they are such nice people. It is because they are so good, so lovable, that they are doing such immeasurable harm. Their lives and records give such value to their words that if they would only speak for Christ they could lead many. But I am baffled,—that is just the word to use. There are no sins to take hold of, no irregularities of thought nor peculiarities of mental make-up; before such polished perfect indifference I am helpless and hopeless. Look at Sadie. The very sweetest girl, always doing something kind and thoughtful. I asked her this morning to come into our Christian Endeavor Society, telling her what is really the fact, that many girls were waiting for her to take that step. She looked at me with those heavenly eyes, and said, 'I would like to do everything in my power to please you, Mr. Ruston, but, as I understand it, joining the Christian Endeavor Society means uniting with the church; and that I cannot do.' 'Why not?' I not unnaturally asked. With the most lovely childlike expression on her pretty face, she said, deliberately, 'I do not feel any need of such a step. I am perfectly contented just as I am.'"

"Didn't you reason with her, John?" asked the little wife, anxiously.

"No, dear; I was simply appalled. I have talked with her for the last time. God knows I have tried."

Sadie Bush looked a trifle annoyed as she entered her pretty blue room. "I wish Mr. Ruston was not so peculiar," she thought, as she laid aside her hat and gloves. "He was really angry because I would not promise to join the church. My father never loses his temper like that. I am sure there is not a better man in this place, and he does not believe in professing and praying in public and making such a fuss. You can be just as good without advertising yourself as a saint." The ruffled plumage was smooth again. The slight mental uncertainty caused by Mr. Ruston's earnest words rippled into peace. Her father was the rock upon which she built. He must be right.

The dimpled hands of Fanny Grant were beating a lively tattoo on Sadie's door. Entering, she kissed the little hostess in her usual rapturous fashion, and sank in a luxurious heap on the sofa. "I can't stay but a minute," she panted. "I just want to know if you are going to join the Christian Endeavor Society."

"No, of course not. I am not a member of the church."

Fanny's pink cheeks grew pinker and a wave of embarrassment swept over her animated face. "I know, but I thought maybe you would join both, with the rest of the girls."

Sadie drew herself up proudly. "I never would take such a step because others did," she said, a little sharply.

"I know that; but, Sadie, I wish you would. Why don't you? Is it because you do not believe in God?"

Sadie looked shocked. "How can you imagine such a thing, Fanny Grant?" she said, indignantly. "Of course I believe in God, and have the highest respect for churches. I always attend the prayer-meeting and other services, and am a member of the missionary society. I simply do not see any necessity for making what people call a confession of faith. I am sure there are just as good men outside the church as there are in it; look at my father and grandfather, too."

Fanny was troubled. This argument was unanswerable. "I know," she said. "Every one says your father is one of the best men that ever lived. Brother Rob says he is so kind to his clerks that they would do anything for him. Still, Sadie, I wish you would."

For a long time that afternoon the girls talked; Sadie repeating the arguments she had often heard her parents make use of—"The danger of injuring others by an unworthy life labelled Christian, and the sin of lightly assuming awful vows."

Fanny forgot that she was in a hurry, and listened in uneasy fascination to the dear friend who had been her oracle since she was a tiny child.

Slowly she walked home through the fragrance of the June twilight. "Sadie is so lovely," she thought, "she ought to know. If she is not good enough to take such a step, I am not. And she does so much for the church, too—more than old Mrs. Leonard and those who have been members all their lives."

"What did she say, sis?"

Fanny started. She had forgotten until that moment that her brother Rob was thinking of going with Clara, the younger sister, and herself to the preparatory service that evening, and had manifested more than usual interest in her seeing and talking with Sadie. Had he actually waited for her to learn Sadie's decision? A dim perception dawned on Fanny's mental horizon. She remembered that from the time they were children Rob had always admired Sadie. He looked very indifferent; but then, boys were so queer! Anyway, it was none of her affair.

"She will not do it, Rob, and do you know, I have half a mind to wait till the next Communion myself."

Rob said nothing. For a long time he had felt his need of a Saviour. Affectionate and easily influenced, he longed to cast his weakness upon unfailing strength. He had talked with Mr. Ruston, and, borne on by enthusiasm, had resolved to take what, in his heart, he called the final step. Still, he leaned upon the earthly friends. How perfect it would be to have Sadie and his sisters with him! They never had had separate interests before. Like a film of frost Fanny's words fell upon his hopes. Sadie, sweet little Sadie, the best among girls, would not take the step; even Fanny, so much better than himself, drew back at the last moment. What a presumptuous fool he had been!

Mr. Ruston missed three faces from among those who, on Sunday morning, gathered to receive for the first time the bread broken in remembrance of the Master. Rob Grant and his sisters were not there. "They had changed their minds."

Sadie Bush was, as usual, in her father's pew. Through the volume of congregational singing her sweet voice vibrated in the words:

"Oh, believe and receive and confess Him,
That all his salvation may know."

Reverently she gazed at the mystical feast. In her heart she thought, "I am better here than there. No one can point at me and say, 'You are my stumbling-block.'"

Two years later the town of Camden was shocked by the arrest of Rob Grant for forgery. "It is the old story," said Judge Bush, sadly; "a weak boy and evil companions. I am so sorry for his parents."

Sadie flew to Fanny with a heart filled with grief and sympathy.

"You poor darling," she said, "how dreadful it is!"

"There is just one comfort," mourned Fanny. "Rob never was a hypocrite; he never pretended to be good."

"I wish he had," said Clara, hoarsely. Rob was her favorite brother, and love had opened her eyes. "I wish he had. I never shall forgive myself for not insisting on joining the church two years ago and taking him with me."

Sadie looked shocked. *Grief must have unsettled Clara's mind*, she thought.

"What do you mean, dear?" she asked gently.

"I mean just this. Rob needed every help he could have. He was weak and could not walk alone, but he always kept his word, and, if he had once committed himself, he would have been safe."

Sadie Bush never knew what she had done. She would have been unutterably astonished could she have realized that she was a stumbling-block, one of those of whom Jesus said: "Woe unto you . . . for ye shut up the Kingdom of Heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in."—*Golden Rule.*

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